

## GOBLINS, GNOMES AND ELVES.

You have read of the fays and fairies, the goblins, gnomes and elves? They dwell here right among you. Why, we are those folk ourselves! The round-faced pudgy babies here in your laps and homes. We are the trolls, the gnomes, the goblins and the elves. The strange how people wonder and seek both fast and far. For myriads by the million which live right where they are.

Good fairies watch o'er mortals, their innocent ways and wiles. Sow crops of good intentions you harvest in sheaves of smiles; They gladden the poorest houses; bring hope to the poorest hearts, And lend men inspiration to triumph in fields and marts. Don't we these things accomplish, when baby's magic touch Will brighten the poorest hovel and bless its mortals much?

Of course we are full of mischief, 'tis a trait of the gnomes and elves, But grown folks lean a little to trouble some ways themselves; We keep them alert and watchful, restrain them from over-sleep, And sometimes even matters by making them cold and deep; But we later give full measure of blessing disguised in noise, Transmuting their brighter moments to jubiles packed with joys.

Their work would flag and falter but for babes enshrined at home; We sometimes act as magnets, permitting them not to roam. We hold their hearts at the fireside when their bodies are far away, And we even make hard sinners remember their God and pray; Of course we are mites but mighty, wee folk but wondrous strong, For we turn to psalms the sighing, and we turn the sobs to song.

Yes, we are the fays and fairies, the goblins, gnomes and elves, Combining all their witchcraft and wily ways ourselves; We work grand transformations, sometimes by the midnight moon, When papas waltz in "nighties" and trot to a home-made tune. Don't strain your eyes far-seeking for hidden elves and charms, Here are the wee folk nestling right in your laps and arms.

I. EDGAR JONES.

## The Settee's Story

By Katherine Birdsall.

"B-R-R-R-RUGH!" shivered the wicket settee. "I never realized what a noise one could make rattling his bones before—it seems as if all my joints needed oiling, like the spring chair inside the doctor's office. Why—"

"What do you know about the doctor's office?" asked the white painted rocking chair, rocking violently back and forth in the wind as if she enjoyed its snap. "Have you ever seen a doctor's office, and if you have, pray what is it like?"

"Why," laughed the settee, "I was born in one—or, rather, I was born in a factory like you were, but that is so long ago that I can hardly remember it."

The cane-seated piazza chair snickered, and looked at the white rocker, while he whispered almost loud enough for the settee to hear:

"There! I told you he was an old fossil. And that proves he is weak in his memory as well as in his legs. I'm going to give the old fellow a glue pot for his birthday."

The white rocker laughed softly, "Do hush, you funny boy," she said, shaking her head at him. "He's very nice, if he is old, and he is very interesting, too. He certainly knows more than some people do."

The cane-seated chair looked properly rebuked, and nodded a "yes," although he was a chair of settee experience himself, having for a number of years held an important position in the butler's pantry. It was worth while to be a little meek if it pleased the white rocker, for every one wished to be in her favor, she was such a bright, lively little thing.

"What is a doctor's office?" repeated the settee, when he had answered a question asked by the capacious red rocker. "Why, it is a room where—"

"And what is a room?" interrupted the white rocker. "Whereupon the others burst out laughing.

"Why, my dear child," cried the red rocker, "what a baby you are, to be sure. But you came here right from the factory, didn't you? Do you mean to say you have never looked in the window here? A room is a place inside of a house, sometimes as small as this piazza, sometimes smaller or larger, surrounded by four walls, with windows and doors cut through. And it is always warm like summer in a room, with soft carpet on the floor, something like the grass, and sometimes a fine crackling fire in the chimney corner."

"Like they make on the lawn with twigs and dead leaves?" asked the little rocker. "O, how lovely! I'd give anything to live in a room."

"Perhaps you will some day," said the old settee. "The only trouble is that you feel the cold so when you are out here. Well, as I was saying, the doctor's office is a big room, with a little waiting room off of it. I went right to the waiting room from the factory, and I stayed there for a long time. I was used by all sorts of people, and sometimes one would lie down upon me and take a nap."

"Humph!" remarked the cane-seated chair. "I shouldn't think you would make a very comfortable bed."

"I was cushioned with green corduroy," said the settee, proudly, "and I was considered very handsome in those days. Finally the doctor, who was taken only about 26—it was 18 years ago—moved me into his office, which is the room where he keeps all his medicine and instruments."

"He set his instrument case on me one day last week," said the little rocker proudly; "but it made me feel almost faint. I remember my rockers had to be cut off with an instrument called a saw, after I was painted, for

the man who made me made them too long. It was dreadful!"

"Well, as I was about to say," shivered the settee, "everything under the sun sat on me from a little picaninny baby to the general of the army. I used to get tired once in awhile and declare I just wouldn't hold another person. One day the dirtiest old tramp came in and had the impudence to sit on my fine cushions."

"I had just made up my mind to complain of a pain in my leg to the revolving chair by the desk, and then try to dislocate one of my bones and throw the tramp on the floor, when the door opened, and Bridget—the fussy old woman who would whisk every scrap of dirt off me every time she came into the room, even to digging out the holes the buttons were sewed in—opened the door, and in walked the most beautiful thing I ever laid eyes on."

"You must be blind now," suggested the cane seated piazza chair, looking at the little white rocker, whereupon she rocked more violently than ever to hide her embarrassment.

"It was a young lady who had hurt her ankle and come with her mother to see the doctor. The old tramp jumped up, and as I was the most comfortable seat in the room, they sat down. O, joyous moment! Had my arms only been flexible!" Here the old settee sighed and leaned against the green window shutter.

"Well," he continued in a minute, "when the doctor came into the room I could see that he was pleased, too. The tramp was disposed of in short order, and then the doctor talked with Miss Lynn—Faith Lynn, she said her name was."

"Many happy days for the doctor and for me followed. I had the advantage of the doctor in one way, but he could shake hands with her when she came and went, which certainly ought to have satisfied him."

"He began to grow very thoughtful, indeed, and instead of spending his leisure time in study, as he usually did, he went out a great deal. One night he came in quite late, and acted in such a queer way that I thought he had gone insane. He looked at himself in the mirror from top to toe, examined his hair, his eyes and his mustache thoroughly, and finally said aloud:

"You're not such a bad looking chap, after all, Jack—perhaps you've a chance."

"Then he came over and sat down on me for awhile, thinking deeply. Suddenly he jumped up, flung my cushions across the room and shouted: 'I'll do it—I'll do it to-morrow—what's that, you old duffer?' he added, turning to me. 'I must be growing crazy. I declare I thought the settee spoke!'

"I had spoken, of course, and quite freely, too, about his treatment of my cushions, but I said nothing more."

"Well, I did not see Miss Lynn for some days, and the next time she came in it was with the doctor, and they both looked so happy, and he kissed her right then and there. I could feel my green cushions almost turn red. I was so shocked. In a minute I understood, though, when they sat down together on me and discussed the date for the wedding."

The old settee stopped and cleared his throat, which had become quite husky.

"And was Mrs. Gregg Miss Lynn before she married the doctor?" asked the little white rocker, softly.

"Yes—and I held the bride on her wedding day when she felt faint and had to rest," said the settee. "Here comes Miss Phyllis, who is the image of her mother."

Phyllis Gregg, her cheeks rosy from a brisk early morning walk and her golden hair blowing kisses to them, came up the steps with her sister Dorothy, aged 12.

"See how human the chairs look, Dorothy," she said. "You could almost imagine that father's old settee had been telling stories of the times when it was young—the others seem to be turning toward it to listen."

"Isn't that funny!" cried Dorothy, her black eyes sparkling. "Phyllis, I'm going to take the little white rocker upstairs. It is so pretty and I need a rocker in my room," and she proceeded to carry it off, never noticing the groans of the settee, the pained look the cane-seated chair gave her, the approval of the old red rocker or the delight of the little white one on her way to explore the mysteries of the world.

—Boston Globe.

## Making Him Whole.

"It takes the glorious old west to do business," said the man with the alligator grip as he boarded the train at St. Paul. "We of the east are not in it a little bit."

"Anything to relate?" queried one of the passengers as he woke up.

"Just a few words. I traveled from New York to Chicago with a staving-looking girl. At Buffalo I was gone on her. As we reached Chicago she had set the date. I returned home, wrote her 320 love letters and came out here to get married."

"And what?"

"She decided that she would marry another. She estimated the value of my time at \$500, the worth of my letters at \$300 and my broken heart at \$200, and drew me a check for \$1,000, and here it is. Gave her a receipt in full to date, kissed her good-by, and there you are and here I am. There's but one way to do business, and the west knows all about it. Yes, check for a thousand, and how many of you gentlemen will smoke a Henry Clay at my expense?"

—Buffalo Courier.

## His Latest Book.

Towne—Wright's first book was very successful. He's very proud of it, I hear.

Brown—Ah, but he's prouder of his latest book.

"Oh, has he written another?"

"No; but his first book has enabled him to acquire another, which is quite new to him. It's a bank book."—Philadelphia Press.

## PROMISED TO OBEY HER.

How a Sharp Minister Got the Better of a Smart Bridegroom.

The groom entered alone and said confidently:

"Do you use the word 'obey' in your marriage service, Mr. —?"

"No," said the minister, relates the Woman's Journal, "I do not usually."

"Well," said the expectant bride, "I have come to ask you to marry me now, and I want it used."

"Certainly," replied the other, "it shall be done," and presently the couple stood solemnly before him.

"James T.," said the clergyman, "do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?"

"I do."

"Do you solemnly promise to love, honor and obey her so long as you both shall live?"

"Horror and rebellion struggled with the sanctities of the occasion on the bridegroom's face, but he chokingly responded 'I do,' and the meek bride decorously promised in her turn."

After the ceremony was over the bridegroom said excitedly aside to the grave minister:

"You misunderstood me, sir, you misunderstood me! I referred to the woman's promising to obey."

"Ah, did you, indeed?" serenely answered his reverence. "But I think what is good for one side is good for the other, don't you? And, my friend, it is my advice to you to say nothing more about it, for an old married man I can tell you you'd have to obey anyhow."

## No Place Like Home.

An Atchison man took sick Saturday and decided to stay home till he got rested. He was back at work Monday. His wife had asked him within a few hours to take care of the baby, to chop onions for pickles, to grind the coffee, to dress the children, and to milk the cow "while he was resting."

—Atchison Globe.

## The Best Prescription for Chills.

And Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

## Doing His Best.

Mrs. Fadally—Yes; I'm going to the club.

Her Husband—As you please, Maud; but I'm sure I'm doing all I can to make home attractive!—Puck.

## To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Mrs. Snags—"Old Closest is dead, I see." "A Snags—"Yes." "What did he die of?" "He died of enlargement of the heart." "That old miser! What a joker you are, Frank."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Dropsy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

How well some ugly men marry!—Atchison Globe.

True courtesies are the flowers on life's dining table.—Ram's Horn.

## MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, Nov. 14.			
CATTLE—Common	..\$2 25	@	3 25
Extra butchers	..4 60	@	4 75
CALVES—Extra	..4 70	@	7 00
HOGS—Choice packers	4 85	@	4 95
Mixed packers	4 70	@	4 85
SHEEP—Choice	2 85	@	3 40
LAMBS—Extra	4 75	@	4 85
FLOUR—Spring pat.	3 90	@	4 30
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	..@	76	
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	..@	38	
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	..@	24	
RYE—No. 2	..@	55	
HAY—Best timothy.	14 25	@	14 5
PORK—Family	..@	12 25	
LARD—Steam	..@	6 90	
BUTTER—Ch. dairy.	..@	15	
Choice creamery	..@	36	
APPLES—Ch. to fancy	2 50	@	3 30
POTATOES—Per brl.	1 35	@	1 50
TOBACCO—New	6 00	@	7 95
Old	12 00	@	14 75

Chicago.			
FLOUR—Win. patent.	3 70	@	3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	72 1/4	@	75 1/4
No. 3 spring	68	@	72
CORN—No. 2	39 1/4	@	39 1/2
OATS—No. 2	22 1/2	@	23
RYE	..@	49	
PORK—Mess	10 37 1/2	@	10 50
LARD—Steam	7 07 1/2	@	7 10

New York.			
FLOUR—Win. patent.	3 70	@	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	..@	78 1/4	
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	..@	45 1/4	
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	..@	26	
RYE	..@	56	
PORK—Family	15 50	@	16 00
LARD—Steam	..@	7 50	

Baltimore.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	72	@	72 1/2
Southern	68	@	73
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	43 1/2	@	43 3/4
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	25 1/4	@	25 1/2
CATTLE—Butchers	5 00	@	5 25
HOGS—Western	5 00	@	5 10

Louisville.			
FLOUR—Win. patent.	4 25	@	4 70
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	..@	75	
CORN—Mixed	..@	42	
OATS—Mixed	..@	23 1/2	
PORK—Mess	..@	12 00	
LARD—Steam	..@	7 00	

Indianapolis.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	..@	74	
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	..@	36 1/4	
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	..@	23 1/2	



## Beware of Them

There are two afflictions which perhaps give the most pain and trouble, viz:

Sciatica

and

Lumbago

Both disable and cripple, but

## St. Jacobs Oil

is their best cure.

## If You Have

Pimples, Tetter, Eczema or any disease of the skin or Mucous Membranes that can be reached by an outward application, it can be cured by using Palmer's Lotion, the great beautifier and Skin Curer, which should be kept in every household ready for any emergency. Palmer's Lotion Soap possesses all the medicinal properties of this Lotion, and should be used in connection with it, in preference to any other soap, as it will greatly assist in curing all such afflictions. If your druggist does not keep it, send his name to Solon Palmer, 374 Pearl Street, New York, and receive free pamphlet of testimonials with sample of Lotion or Soap.

Dora—"I have my photo taken every three years. I think it is so interesting." Grace—"Gracious! Whatever do you do with them all?"—Glasgow Evening Times.

There is no other ink "just as good" as Carter's Ink. There is only one ink that is best of all and that is Carter's Ink. Use it.

Vengeance—Stabbing yourself to scratch some one else.—Judge.

## Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascarets help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

## A Brilliant Success.

A.—How did your automobile journey turn out?  
B.—Beautifully! Although I ran over two pedestrians and three bicycles and knocked two wagons into a ditch, my motor was not at all injured and I arrived just on time.  
—Flegende Blaetter.

If you want to be cured of a cough use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Ruskin said: "What is right is most effectively when most kindly advocated, and what is true most convincingly when least passionately asserted."

## HOW A PRETTY SOCIETY GIRL ESCAPED DREADED CONSUMPTION.

Peruna Used in Time Saved Her Life.

## All's Well That Ends Well.

It is the same old story of exposure to cold. The cold passing down the bronchial tubes to the lungs; the developing of a settled cold on the lungs, coughing, expectoration. This is a short road to consumption. Thousands of people have traveled it. Thousands more will travel it and the coming winter will develop an untold multitude of new cases.

In the case of Helen Murphy, the ending was a happy one. She started on the road to consumption after catching cold at a reception. Instead of waiting until she became incurable, Peruna was resorted to and her life was saved.

It is a pity that everyone else in this wide land could not know of this very effective remedy in such cases. The news is spreading fast but a great many people have not yet heard that Peruna is a sure cure in these cases.

Peruna cures acute catarrh and chronic catarrh; catarrh of the head and catarrh of the lungs; catarrh of the throat and catarrh of the stomach. Wherever catarrh may have located itself, whether in the digestive organs, kidneys or pelvic organs, Peruna is sure to eradicate the disease promptly.

Another case where consumption was cheated of its prey occurred in the state of Iowa. The report of the case created considerable attention at the time and was furnished us unsolicited by Mr. Henry Jackson. In a letter to Dr. Hartman he sets forth some interesting details of his rescue from consumption. He made use of the following language:

"I have been for years a constant sufferer from chronic catarrh of the head and throat, which finally worked down into the air passages. In the spring of '98 I took a severe cold and coughed all summer. I thought I had consumption. Then I had a bad attack of la grippe. After taking a course of Peruna I feel cured of all these troubles."

"Whenever any of our children get sick we give them Peruna, and it never fails to cure them. I most heartily testify to the value of Peruna in cases of catarrh and la grippe. I hope this may be the means of others suffering as I did to take Peruna and be cured. We would not be without it in the house."

Henry Henrickson.

Generally the first cold of the season is caught in November. With some people this lasts all winter and lays the foundation of chronic catarrh. In the beginning a few doses of Peruna is sufficient to make a permanent cure.

Send for Dr. Hartman's latest book on chronic catarrh. Address the Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.



Miss Helen Murphy, a popular society woman of Oshkosh, Wis., is an ardent friend to Peruna. The following is a letter written by Miss Murphy, and gives her opinion of Peruna as a preventive as well as cure for catarrhal ailments:

"Gentlemen:—About three months ago I contracted a severe cold at an evening reception, which settled on my lungs and threatened to be very serious. As my mother has used Peruna with good results, she sent for a bottle for me and I found that it gave me blessed relief. Before the second bottle was consumed I was well. We keep a bottle of it on hand all the time and when I have been out in inclement weather, I take a dose or two of Peruna and it prevents my taking any cold and keeps me perfectly well." Yours very truly,

HELEN MURPHY.

## Did You Ever Know

any one who smoked the same kind of Five Cent cigar any length of time? Five Cent cigar smokers are always dissatisfied—always trying something new—or something different, as there always seems to be something wrong about the cigars they have been smoking. Ask your dealer for

## Old Virginia Cheroots

They are always good.

Three hundred million smoked this year. Price, 3 for 5 cents.

## \$3.00 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES \$3.50

The real worth of W. L. Douglas \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes compared with other makes is \$4.00 to \$5.00. Our \$3.00 Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price. Over 1,000,000 satisfied wearers.



We are the largest makers of men's \$3 and \$3.50 shoes in the world. We make and sell more \$3 and \$3.50 shoes than any other two manufacturers in the U. S.

The reputation of W. L. Douglas \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes for style, comfort and wear is known everywhere throughout the world. They have to give better satisfaction than other makes because the standard has always been placed so high that the average expert must pay for their money what they can get elsewhere.

THE REMARK: More W. L. Douglas \$3 and \$3.50 shoes are sold than any other make in the world. ARE THE BEST. Your dealer should keep them to give you dealer exclusive in each town. Take no substitute! Insist on having W. L. Douglas shoes with name and price stamped on bottom. If your dealer will not get them for you, send direct to factory, enclosing price and 2c. extra for carriage. State kind of leather, size, and width of foot. Our shoes will reach you anywhere. Catalogue Free. W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass.

## P. MPLES AND WRINKLES

Do you have your teeth treated by a blacksmith? Do you go to a veterinary surgeon to have bodily ailments treated? No! If the skin is not clear, and has wrinkles, pimples and other facial blemishes, do not cover same with a lot of quack preparations. Get the skin to be removed. DR. PIERCE'S MAGIC SKIN CREAM removes the disease, and keeps it in a healthy condition. Dr. Pierce's Magic Skin Cream and Hoppel's Massage Roller must be used in any part of the United States on receipt of \$1.00. Address: ROYAL CHEMICAL WORKS, 1971 Fairfax Ave., Cincinnati, O.

## Top Snap Complete Double Breach \$1.99 Leader

FISH-TACKLE SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES. Best snags for codging. Send stamp for catalogue. POWELL & CLEMENT CO. THE BALTIMORE MAR.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in Time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

A. N. K.—E 1899

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